THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC

REST WHERE YOU ARE.

"When spurred by tasks unceasing or undone,
You would seek rest afar,
And cannot, though repose be rightly won,
Rest where you are.

"Neglect the needless; sanctify the rest;
Move without stress or jar;
With quiet of a spirit self-possessed,
Rest where you are.

"Not in event, restriction, or release,
Not in scenes near or far,
But in ourselves is restlessness or peace,
Rest where you are.

"Where lives the soul, lives God; his day, his Word,
No phantom mists need mar:
His starry nights are tents of peace unfurled:
Rest where you are."

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

IS THE NEGRO A FREE MAN?

Senator Vardaman of Mississippi, who says that the two special aims of his senatorial life are to be the elimination of the saloon from our natonal life and the negro from all participation in governmental affairs, has already registered one achievement. It was Vardaman who led in the opposition to Adama E. Patterson, the Oklahoma negro, as Register of the Treasury, and which resulted in the nominee asking the President to withdraw his name.

In a letter in which this request was made Patterson said: "I had hoped that the nomination and confirmation would be made without protest. This hope, it seems was unfounded. I feel like our Savior must have felt when he was handed the bitter cup—it meant life and death. Yet I take it, and cheerfully stifle my personal ambitions, and surrender back to you, Mr. President, the appointment of Register of the United States Treasury—a prize for which I have striven all my life."

This official position has long been recognized as one of the choice bits of patronage for the negro, though some white men have slipped into it. Blanche K. Bruce, once a United States Senator from Mississippi, was the first black man to fill it. From the Harrison administration down a negro has been given the place.

Another Washington job long given to the negro is that of Recorder of Deeds in the District of Columbia. Frederick Douglass first held that.

It appears that the opposition of the Southern senators to Patterson as Register of the Treasury is the first of a series. Senator Vardaman says that this is simply a precedent for action upon all appointments of a similar character. Speaking for himself Vardaman says:

"I will say that I do not consider the negro fitted for the holding of public office. My attitude is based upon no insensate or unreasoning hatred of the negro, for I feel no such sentiment. The negro is entitled under the Constitution to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and it is the function of the white race in this country to guarantee the negro the enjoyment of these privileges.

"I oppose the extension of suffrage to the negro under any and all circumstances and with that the right to hold office of an executive character. It is not right that white men and women, particularly white women, should be compelled to work under the direction of negro officials. There is no occasion for this, no justification for it and it shall not be."

When Senator Vardaman was asked to what extent this movement would be carried, further than opposition to the appointment of negroes to executive offices, he said:

Segregation in all forms of Government employment; the entire separation of the races in Federal employ. Negroes and white people must not be compelled to work side by side. The integrity of the Anglo-Saxon race depends upon the faithful consummation of this programme."

A queer expression, that of Senator Vardaman's—"The negro is entitled under the Constitution to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and it is the function of the white race in this country to guarantee him the enjoyment of those privileges." Indeed, it is liberty and the pursuit of happiness which Senator Vardaman is endeavoring to take from the negro.

A few years ago a noted writer said: "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line,—the relation of the darker to the lighter races of men in Asia and Africa, in America and the islands of the sea."

With many of the doors of opportunity closed to him the negro is not a free man. One of their leaders says: "He would not Africanize America, for America has too much to teach the world and Africa. He would not bleach his negro soul in a flood of white Americanism, for he knows that negro blood has a message for the world. He simply wishes to make it possible for a man to be both a negro and American, without being cursed and spit upon by his fellows, without having the doors of opportunity closed roughly in his face."

THE MONTHLIES SUM UP THE McNAB-McREYNOLDS AFFAIR.

The daily and the weekly papers had their day for comment on the McNab-McReynolds incident some time ago. Now, the monthly publications are availing themselves of their opportunity, and with more time for the careful weighing of things they are in general pretty accurately estimating the affair.

Current Opinion for August goes over the whole matter at considerable length and gives the following judgment: "Emerging from the medley of newspaper comment upon the McNab resignation and the circumstances leading up to it, is the confidence seemingly felt in the good faith, the rectitude of purpose and the perfect candor of Attorney-General McReynolds. He may have been guilty of an error of judgment—many influential dailies insist that he was—but he did not yield to any improper influence knowingly. That is the general newspaper verdict, with exceptions here and there like the New York American."

With reference to Secretary Wilson it is remarked: "As for local sentiment, Secretary of Labor Wilson never suspected even the existence of that volcano."

It is remarked also: It did not occur to the Attorney-General apparently that any malign motive could be imputed."

The Review of Reviews expresses the judgment that the Attorney-General blundered, but says: "He had no private motive or wrong intent in his yielding to the solicitation of Secretary Wilson and Mr. A. Caminetti."

As to President Wilson the Review of Reviews says: "He exonerated the Attorney-General from any intentional wrong-doing. He vindicated himself as an exceedingly good executive and a very practical politician."

Current Opinion states that the New York World modified its first severe criticism of the administration, and attributed much of the flurry of excitement in California to "cheap politics." Many Californians, of course, will resent this imputation. The Pacific is not indorsing it, but is only giving the news.

AN ASTOUNDING ASSERTION.

Last week we found in "The Argonaut" one of the most astounding and unreasonable of assertions. Commenting on the Diggs-Caminetti cases, The Argonaut said: "The Argonaut ventures the assertion that they will come to nothing. The McNab incident sufficiently illustrated the wishes of the Government at Washington with respect to these cases; and we have observed that when a reform administration gives itself the trouble to have definite wishes they are pretty likely to be worked out to a successful issue in the procedures which follow. Diggs and Caminetti, we suspect, will go free—this, whether they be guilty or not."

The Argonaut will favor many of its readers if it will set forth some of the things it has observed, and then give the line of reasoning in connection therewith which led it to send forth that poisonous paragraph.

God save the nation if there are at its head in Washington men of such character as is intimated in the Argonaut editorial!

Perhaps we should say, God save California if there is to be much of the kind of journalism that that editorial typifies!

We do not believe that there are a hundred well-informed people in the United States who think that the Government at Washington desires anything other than to have Diggs and Caminetti sent to the penitentiary. How any sane man could have written that Argonaut editorial, we are unable to see. If it is as the New York World intimated,—if there has been some "cheap politics" in this affair, that to which we refer partakes of the cheapest of the cheap.

SEMINARY CO-OPERATION.

The Berkeley Bible Seminary, the theological school of the Disciples of Christ, or "Christians," is to open up again after being closed for a year. An announcement in The Christian Evangelist last week read as follows:

"Arrangements have been made whereby this seminary is to co-operate with Pacific Theological Seminary, also of Berkeley. Berkeley Bible Seminary keeps its officers, corporate identity, and property intact, but co-operates with Pacific Theological in the training of young men for the ministry. The two seminaries have co-operated for years. Under the new arrangement our work will be done in the class rooms of Pacific, and will be open to all students. Our instructor will also be made a member of the faculty of Pacific Seminary, and will offer in the curriculum of that institution an elective in the history and doctrine of the Christian Church and a course in Modern Movements Toward Christian Union."

The Rev. D. A. Russell of Palo Alto, who was editor of The Pacific Christian at the time it was merged into the Christian Evangelist, is to be instructor. Mr. Russell is one of the choice men in that fellowship, is highly esteemed throughout California, and will co-operate in such a manner as to advance the interests of the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

The Berkeley Bible Seminary has no buildings; and its endowment does not amount to more than a hundred thousand dollars. Its removal to Southern California may come about after a few years if the plan to establish a university there by the "Christian" fellowship succeeds. This would remove the seminary from the influence of the First "Christian" Church of Berkeley which church is looked on with disfavor because of its attitude on the question of membership for the unimmersed.

"CHINA NOT FITTED TO BE A REPUBLIC."

That China is not fitted to be a republic is the opinion of a French business man who has lived in that country for fourteen years. He reached New York recently on his way to China, and in an interview which a Times reporter had with him requested that his name should not be given in connection with his remarks. He said in part:

"I was in the French Army during the Boxer rebellion, and was with the French force engaged, and I saw a good deal of the revolution. I have traveled about in the interior of the country, and I speak some Chinese. I knew a great many of the officials of the Imperial Government, and I know some of those who are high up in the republic.

"This new revolution cannot last long, but it is the beginning of a series of revolutions. China is not fitted to be a republic. The people generally are too conservative. There are between 3,000 and 4,000 educated Chinese who seem to do nothing but brew discontent and start revolutions. People who have never been in China cannot comprehend the situation there. They do not realize how big a population the country has, or how different the ideals of the governing classes are from those of the Occident.

"The 'squeeze' was an established institution during the empire, and in the republic they have not been able to get rid of the idea that the first duty of an officeholder is to himself and his family. For that reason the first thing a majority of the officials under the new regime did was to find jobs for their relatives, and, this being accomplished, to work what you call the 'graft' over here. This sort of thing does not satisfy the people who are out of office, and in this case may have had something to do with fomenting the present trouble.

"It seems difficult to get people who have never visited China to realize that the people of North China and those of the South are like two different races. The Cantonese are small, wiry, and very intelligent. The Northern Chinese are tall men, strong, and very slow.

"I am surprised that the dispatches say that the province of Hu-nan is supporting the rebels, for that is the native province of Yuan Shih-kai. It is no surprise, however, to read that there are a lot of Japanese army officers in the Cantonese army. You may recall a visit Dr. Sun Yat Sen made to Japan last February, when he was much feted in Tokio. To foreigners in the East that visit meant more than appeared on the surface. Some of us who have lived in the East cannot understand the enthusiasm and admiration of Western folk for Dr. Sun. We have not entire confidence that he is a great patriot. To my mind, the presence of Japanese officers in the Cantonese army is a response to a pledge given by Dr. Sun that if the Japanese would help in the next revolution their desire for the possession of the province of Fukien, which is the mainland opposite Formosa, might be gratified.

"If the Federal Government breaks the back of the present revolution, there is absolutely no assurance that similar

trouble will not break out again. The thing is that China's people cannot comprehend what a republic is. Why, there are places in the interior of the country where the people generally believe they are still living under an empire.

"The Shanghai arsenal is a big factory, and if the rebels obtain control of this they will command the Chinese portion of Shanghai, because a big supply of arms will fall into their hands.

"Since the last revolution business has been quiet all over China, owing to uncertainty as to the future. Chinese merchants are conservative, and they have held on to their money. It has been unsafe to send silver money up into the interior, because of bandits, so that trade has greatly suffered. But events will show that the Chinese are not equal to running a republic. It is too great and too sudden a change from what they have been used to, and you cannot maintain a republic with Chinese ideas in your head. The two don't go together. A strong centralized government is the only kind that can preserve peace in that country."

That China was not fitted to be a republic was the expressed judgment of the Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Smith when he was here last year. And he looked for many experiences such as that through which the republic is now passing.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen is in advance of his age in China. And the indications are that men like Yuan Shih-kai with less of the ideal and more of the practical are to shape the near future there. Writing on The Spirit of the New Republic, C. E. Wilbur of the World's Sunday School Commission recently on a tour in China, says:

The spirit is not altogether Christian, though it is deeply touched with it. Hence some things may be expected that are not quite republican or Christian. And it is not altogether fair to condemn the republic because it does not, in a single bound, attain to the very highest methods of administration. Yuan Shih Kai, the provisional governor, will undoubtedly be elected first president under the constitution. He is not a Christian, but a man of advanced ideas. He is a statesman and has strong administrative powers. He is not an idealist, like Dr. Sun Yat Sen, but a practical man of affairs; and he fully understands the problem that is before him. The problem is easily stated but not easily solved. He has to deal with great masses of people who are entirely untouched with the spirit of New China. Any modifying of the severity with which they were treated under the Manchus will be looked upon as an opening for graft and theft. They will have to be held in check with a firm hand, and some of his actions will without doubt, be out of harmony with western ideas; but because justice is administered quickly and without the usual forms of the West, it is none the less justice. He and his government are asking for our patience and our charity in these matters, and not our condemnation. For a while there must be a strong hand or there will be anarchy."

AFTER THE MIDDLEMAN.

The Texas Farmers' Union and the Wells Fargo Company have entered into an arrangement by which it is hoped to bring the producer and the consumer into closer and more beneficial relations mutually. The plan is being presented in different parts of the country, East and West, and is commented on favorably. All of the express companies are likely to enter into it so as to meet the onslaught of the parcels post. Special packages will be provided for the shipment of eggs, butter, vegetables, fruits, etc., direct from the producers to the consumer. Rates will be low enough to make a strong inducement for shipment thus, in addition to the saving which will come otherwise by the direct dealing of consumer with producer. The movement began in Texas. The president of the Farmers' Union says:

"We are blazing a new roadway of national trade, and it is going to take co-operation and patience on the part of both the producer and consumer in smoothing out the rough places; but I have abiding faith in the ultimate success of the movement.

"The new situation lends itself admirably to settlement organizations of consumers that can place a community order with a local Farmers' Union to fill. The Farmers' Union has asked the Federal Department of Agriculture to put one or more experts on the project, with a view of strengthening the weak points as they develop and to work out plans for extending the new system of marketing into the staple products, and apply it to all lines of transportation.

"The Farmers' Union has long cherished the hope of bringing the producer and consumer closer together. The middleman is nothing more than a farm-hand, but he is able to fix his own wages and collect them, and to multiply his transactions as he pleases. He is, at best, an independent and ofttimes incompetent servant of agriculture and frequently deserves to be either disciplined or discharged. The middlemen are without competition or Government supervision. They need regulating as badly as the common carrier.

"The new plan is not without its compensation to the middleman. While reducing him to his natural position as an industrial domestic, it will restore to him many profitable advantages which he has forfeited for power. It will take out waste, uncertainty, and inefficiency and will add volume, stability, and conscience to the business.

"The consumer will likewise feel the effect of the new system of distribution in the extension of the season of perishable products far beyond their present limits.

"The annual profit of the middlemen on fruit, vegetables and poultry approximates one billion dollars, and the new system of distribution places in the hands of the producer an opportunity of obtaining a large amount of this profit. It has the additional possibility of adding at least one-third to the volume of the business, as I consider that more than 30 per cent of this class of products never leaves the farm for want of a market or rots in the field for lack of profitable prices.

"I am hoping that the railroads also will put on a market bureau. Certainly a freight solicitor could offer no greater inducement to a farmer than a profitable sale of his products and, indeed, the railroad could give no greater encouragement to the producer than top prices for produce. The railroads will find that one good salesman in the market will do more to stimulate production than a dozen professors in the field. The railroads can give agriculture no more serious blow than to dump the farmers' crop at destination, which frequently is done.

"Marketing—not production—is the problem that confronts the American farmer today, and I want to commend the Wells Fargo Company for its understanding and co-operation in solving our problems. Our transportation systems are the dray-carts of agriculture and can be made capable peddlers of farm produce. The middleman has been driving the delivery wagon, but the present plan gives the farmer a hold on the reins."

NEEDS TO FIND THE RESTFULNESS OF CHRIST.

Speaking at the Northfield Summer School on the text, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your soul," the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan said:

"I am inclined to think that there is nothing the church needs more today than to find the restfulness of Christ, to find the secret of his peace as an antidote to panic. Christ spoke out of a consciousness of perfect rest and I am impressed by the revelation of his perfect peace when I observe the time note in this chapter. It is set first in relation to the itinerary of the disciples; another time note appears when he began to upbraid the cities; in verse 25 another comes where he thanks the Father. These are all important for the atmosphere and are connected with a series characterized by a variety of tone. First there are words of illumination to John, then denunciation of his own age, which merge into remarkable words of adoration, then the proclamation which leads up to the final words of invitation.

"He spoke these words in connection with difficulties encountered. First he was confronted with the question of John, then by the unreasonableness of his age, which had already refused John and himself, then confronted by the unrepenting cities. All this is background to the fact that we find the Lord perfectly at rest speaking in calm confidence and calling men to rest. The Lord did not rebuke John, whose soul was storm-tossed by the conditions of the time and who saw that the king was doing nothing, was gathering no army, was publishing no program. The Lord in the midst of his ministry was misunderstood by his herald who was the most earnest supporter of the Kingdom of God. The unreasonableness of the age did not understand the asceticism of John nor the joy of Christ. Then lastly the refusal of the cities to repent.

"Christ's rest consisted in a quiet consciousness of power. When John's question came, he said, 'Go tell him what things are being done." The certainty of the issue of all these things show one who saw the outlook of the whole of God's economy and had a spirit of perfect rest. He knew it must eventuate in the fulfilling of his purpose. In the cities calmly antedating the judgment day he sees their end and yet is entirely at rest showing the certainty of the issue, his perfect confidence in the method of God.

"What was the secret of his rest? It was his perfect fellowship with God. 'No one knoweth the son but the father and no one knoweth the father but the son.' We can all say the first part, but that is not entire fellowship, for we must be able to add that we know God. But what was the secret of this fellowship? 'I am meek and lowly in heart' are the words which describe the initial secret."

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

More Sailor Biography.

A stalwart, bushy-headed man rose in our meeting and asked our prayers. He was rough and battered, and looked as if he had braved all the gales of Boreas. He soon found peace in believing, and then told us his story. His name was Taiesen Thomas Lecoyd Jones, and of course he was a Welshman. He said, "My name is a forbidden word in my father's house. No one dare to say 'Thomas' in his presence. I have disgraced my family name. I can describe to you the inside of the prison in nearly every large seaport in the world." Yet there was a noble look about the man. Capt. Stuart, of the Sailors' Home, once said to me, "That man has a better head on his shoulders than either you or I have," and perhaps he was right. But he had lived a recklessly wicked life, had broken the heart of a good wife, and, indirectly, caused the death of his two children. But now he turned to the Lord with all his heart, and was resolved for the rest of his days to make all atonement in his power for his past wickedness and live for Christ and the salvation of lost men.

As soon as he was converted, his thoughts turned to his old home. He said, "I must, if possible, see my old father again. I do not know if he is alive, for I have had no tidings from home in ten years, but it would do him no end of good to see his wicked, discarded son, a true disciple of Christ." He was gunner on the U. S. cable ship Nightingale, and could not at once secure his discharge. So long as he was with us he lived a faithful Christian life, and when, at length he got his discharge from the ship, he hastened to his old home.

He wrote me of his voyage and reception, on reaching his old home. As I came to the old place, I found everything looking just as I left it. The roads, houses, and fences were just as they used to be. I went to my father's door and knocked. My older sister came to the door. I knew her, but she did not know me. I said to her, 'I am Thomas, and I am a Christian.' She did not invite me in, but ran into the room where my father was lying on his death bed, and said, 'Oh, father, father, Thomas has come, and he is a Christian.' He answered sternly, 'Let him come in.' I went into his room. He looked at me earnestly, but did not know me. He asked, 'Are you Thomas?' 'Yes, Father, I am your Thomas.' 'Thomas, are you a Christian?' 'Yes, father, I am a Christian.' 'Let me hear you pray.' So I knelt down beside his bed, and prayed for him, and myself, as well as I could. He seemed to be satisfied, for he said, 'Yes, Thomas, you are a Christian.' Then he raised his thin hands and said, 'Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' So I brought peace and joy, once more, to the home that my wickedness had made dark and desolate for many years."

I think we never heard from him again. At any rate I have no further remembrance or record of him. I suppose that his father died and he remained to care for things about his old home. If he ever went to sea again, it was probably on short voyages near his home. As he was well along in years for a sailor, and no doubt was prematurely old for his years, as the result of gross dissipation for a long time, he probably died soon, at home. But I have always prized his memory, as that of a convert whose redemption was one of the bright trophies of the fruitful work of our distinguished Mariners' Church.

MINISTERIAL ANNUITIES.

W. H. Hannaford.

In a recent number of The Pacific there appeared a timely article by Chester Ferris, calling for a more business like and adequate method of dealing with our aged and needy Ministers. It brought to mind the fact that Rev. R. M. Higgins, of Berlin, Wisconsin, has been working on a plan to provide for the payment of annuities to ministers, and has presented the plan to the state associations in Michigan, Ohio and Wisconsin on various occasions in the past fourteen years.

After reading Mr. Ferris' article I wrote to Mr. Higgins asking him as to the present status of his plan, as I knew that it had been presented to the National Council's com-

mittee on Ministerial Relief.

Mr. Higgins writes me that he has assurance from Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, who is one of the committee, that the plan for annuities will be presented to the Council at the coming meeting at Kansas City.

In order that the plan may be undrestood, may I be permitted to outline it in comparison with other plans which are possible, and which will also be considered?

The present plan may be called Gratuity, which provides for those who are in desperate circumstances, if their condition comes to be known. It is apt to be irregular, uncertain, and savors so much of pauperism that most men will suffer to the extreme of need before they will make application for it.

Another plan is one that was considered by the National Council's committee a year ago, and will doubtless be presented to the Council this fall, namely, the proposal to treat Ministers as a group, instead of as individuals, and that they be permitted to retire at sixty-five years of age, receiving an annual pension amounting to ten dollars per year for each year of service up to thirty years, but, until the funds of the Ministerial Relief Board warrant the payment of that rate, only a pro rata pension be paid. This plan leaves the income of the Board on the same basis as at present, therefore the payments would be as uncertain as the present gratuity.

The Annuity plan, which Mr. Higgins has been working for, the past number of years, is almost identical with the new Teacher's Pension law mentioned by Mr. Ferris. It asks those entering the Ministry to begin at once to qualify for an old age annuity by paying one dollar per month into the fund of the Relief, or Annuity Board. Men already in the work could qualify by paying a larger sum so that at say sixty years of age they will have paid in as much as the ones who began at thirty years or under to make their payments. At sixty years of age the payments would cease and the fund be allowed to accumulate for five years, then at sixty-five the claimant might retire and receive his annuity.

The latest Year-Book shows that the average age at death, of our Ministers, is 69 years, 4 months and 12 days. In other words the fund would be drawn upon, on the average, for four and one-third payments. Mr. Higgins has figured that the premiums of $12 per year at 4 per cent will provide the payment of three and seven tenths annuities of $250, so the funds of the Board of Relief, and the contributions of the churches would have to be depended upon to make up the deficiency.

The Annuity Plan has been in successful operation among the Scottish Congregationalists for more than fifty years, being begun in 1859. It is called "The Scottish Minister's Provident Fund." Beneficiary members pay five dollars per year and are privileged to retire at sixty-five years of age and to receive an annuity of $300 as long as they live.

At first they paid only $200 per year. After some years they increased the amount to $250 and in 1889 it was again increased to the present amount of $300, and the resources of the Fund are increasing at a rate that gives promise of still another increase in the size of the annuities in the future.

I am satisfied that few of our Ministers are willing to push the Ministerial Relief matter at present because of the fact that they do not approve of the present haphazard method which we are pursuing. Also I am satisfied that laymen do not contribute as liberally as they would do if some such plan as the Annuity proposes could be given them to support.

May we not have the matter discussed, so far as we have the time for it, before the meeting of the National Council in Kansas City next October?

Dr. Boynton is quoted as saying that this question of making some decent provision for the old age of our Congregational Ministers is the most important question before the denomination today. Then let us get it fully before us and proceed to solve it.

Sierra Madre, Cal.

THE SPIRITUAL MESSAGE OF THE YOSEMITE.

Rev. Herbert A. Jump.

(An Address given on Sunday Evening, July 6, 1913, at the Camp Curry Camp-Fire.)

We who have come to the Yosemite Valley with a pilgrim hunger, are bound together in a free-masonry of sentiment. We are all lovers—lovers of God's beautiful world. Nature, speaking in one of her most dramatic and eloquent moods, has summoned us hither. Here are immensities and profundities, arrogant magnitudes and silent mightinesses, spectacles of time-defying power matched by vistas of thought-o'erwhelming space, the old earth-crust upheaved into a climax of granite oratory, mountains marshalled in stupendous landscape-rhetoric. So we have brought our souls here to feed on God's handiwork. It were the tragedy of tragedies if we should forget that the handiwork is God's.

Inspiration and Re-inspiration.

He is fortunate who has his first view of the Valley from Inspiration Point. In an instant the whole picture of pinnacle and cataract, dome and depth, is revealed to the eager sight. It is as when the care-taker in some cloister pulls aside the dusty curtain concealing the painting by an old master, and in a flash beauty is unveiled that dumbfounds the beholder.

The apt name given this viewpoint immediately justifies itself. But the wonder is, the "inspiration" thus gloriously born does not fade away as the days elapse.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson was leaving Williamstown, Massachusetts, one morning, after delivering a lecture before the students of Williams College, a few of the undergraduates accompanied him to the railroad station. While waiting for his train, he gazed appreciatively at the marvellous rim of hills, "Greylock" and the other noble Berkshires, by which the horizon was bounded. "I should think, young gentlemen," he said, "that you would print the names of these mountains in your college catalogue along with the members of the faculty."

Yes, we have been going to school to these peaks that girdle the Yosemite. We have been learning lessons from Sentinel Peak and Half Dome, from Cloud's Rest and Yosemite Point, from Liberty Cap and El Capitan. But inspiration has gone even deeper than to make us feel we were at school.

Have we not had moods when we felt that we were at church? It is John Muir's exquisite insight to the effect that the vale of the Yosemite looked at from its western end is architecturally like a huge temple lighted from above. Ought it not to possess a cathedral-value to the soul who visits it? Do we not miss the best of the Yosemite expe-

rience if it fails to awaken the more august voices that address the soul?

Factors in the Amazing Impression.

The power of the Yosemite to uplift its sympathetic disciple may be taken for granted. It is indubitable. But not every disciple tries to analyze the sources of the impression made upon him. Why is this peerless chasm so awe-compelling? Where lies the secret of its appeal? Several answers might truly be made.

The waterfalls are part of Yosemite's power. Would you learn the majesty of motion? Lean against the iron rail at the top of the Upper Yosemite Falls when it is flowing in its June flood; or better still, peer over the brink of rock above the Illilouette Falls.

It seems as though you are close to the throbbing heart of some colossal engine. The trees also are elements in Yosemite's power. In them we read bold gospels of patience. When we were visiting the Mariposa Grove of Sequoias, a group of us were seated carelessly on a stump in front of the cabin. The man who knew remarked quietly, "That tree-stump on which you are sitting, gentlemen, is sixteen hundred years old." I jumped as though I had been caught in the crime of desecrating some monument. Who was I, an upstart of the newly-born century, to be sitting, actually sitting upon sixteen centuries of human history? Nowhere among living things is the waiting-power of the Almighty proclaimed as eloquently as in a forest of century-old giants.

Nor must we overlook the enthusiasm of effort that seems to afflict the very atmosphere in the Yosemite, and send every mother's son of us off into ventures upon the trails. "I never walked so far in all my life"—how often this confession is overheard round the camp-fire at night. But we are all the better for it. The physical latencies of our being stand revealed. We may suffer a bit from the popular Yosemite diseases—the "Glacier limp," the "Yosemite kink," or "trail-itis," but a worthy pride of achievement abundantly conquers any muscular weariness. We are happy because we really "did something" in the Valley, and we seek its precarious zigzags again next summer.

Yosemite, a Study in Heights.

But the waterfalls, the trees, the trails, are all minor members on the Yosemite faculty. The most potent teachers and preachers are the vertical vastnesses, the omnipresent up-stretching altitudes, the reaches toward the sky that tax the muscles, defy the senses and all but stun the imagination. Yosemite is a peerless assortment of heights. Its forty domes are incomparable. From the moment we enter the valley our necks are craned with upward gazing. The heights stir us with their sunrise beauty; they welcome the sunsets and hold them for our delight. Yosemite more than any other of the world's playgrounds is a symphony in the perpendicular dimension.

Universally, men have felt that the Creator wrote parables of moral truth into the universe when He created it, even as a skillful novelist weaves a purpose into his masterpiece of fiction. And always the vertical dimension has suggested spiritual aspiration. The world's heights are a summons toward God and the things of God. They speak faith. Horizontal immensities tell a different tale. They are vocal of tolerance. They affect a man's ethics as the heights affect his religion. After a fortnight in the stupendous desert or on the water-plains of the great ocean, a man ought to treat his fellowman better. After a fortnight in such a place as the Yosemite, he ought to treat his God better. This is the main spiritual asset of the Valley —its heights, by which the soul can make easy ascents into the presence of the Eternal.

Mountain Altitudes and Faith.

Religion and high places have ever belonged together. Jehovah dwelt originally on Mt. Sinai. Jerusalem could the more easily become a Zion because it was surrounded by hills. Jesus' main sermon was uttered on a mount. A cathedral is a convincing piece of architecture because its spires pierce the sky. Faith has ever traveled, like Jacob's angels, along lines of the up and down. Heaven is above; hell is below. The Tower of Babel climbed; Dante descended into "The Inferno."

Mountain heights grip the soul as though with hooks of steel. Beware, therefore, of the man who can be irreverent in the presence of mighty mountains. Guard against the woman who can be flippant as she faces a yawning chasm.

If all heights help the soul to mount toward its better thoughts and nobler life, how rich is the equipment of the Yosemite. With sheer El Capitan, with the loyal Sentinel, with the graceful Cathedral Spires, with the Three Brothers forever watching the Three Graces, with Washington Column insistently asking, Where is Lincoln Column to match me?"—with Glacier and Yosemite Points like two racers stretching nip and tuck toward the zenith, with North Dome eternally looking over at Half Dome as though she were proudly asking, Did you ever see a more glorious rock than that?—and above all, Cloud's Rest, ceaselessly proving the correctness of her name—on every hand are the ladders of gray granite by which the nature-lover can mount and become a God-worshipper. These heights once seen become the standard by which you judge all other heights. They not only fill your existence while you sojourn in the Valley, but long after you have returned to the work-a-day world they will loom in your dreams, high, fine, pure, calm, strong, beckoning your soul eagerly to enter into loftier fellowship with the Eternal. And this is their twofold exhortation to the soul:

Make Your Life a Little Yosemite.

Let every man make of his life a little Yosemite by surrounding each days' experience with high places. However the matchless domes of the Valley were carved out, whether by ice or water, at least we who now visit the Yosemite had nothing to do with their manufacture. We found them here, majestically and silently here, when we arrived. But we can assist in the creation of our soul's landscape. We have the power to build heights into our lives. From the natural charms of this peerless vale we can learn how to add spiritual charm to our inner being.

For most of us life tends to be a plain. Monotony and drudgery are our perpetual portion. But out of this plain we should raise the high places that can inspire. We should add to the day's landscape mountain retreats where the soul can see God face to face.

One such mountain retreat is the reading of a noble book. It was in the midst of his most turbulent days as governor of New York and champion of the people against the "interests" that Mr. Hughes confessed to the habit of turning each night after the day's battles were over to the pages of Epictetus. In the brave philosophy of that ancient worthy be found the wisdom and the encouragement which his soul craved, and there is a book even more use-

ful for this purpose than Epictetus—the Bible.

Another high place of the soul is the moment of meditation. Especially here in the Yosemite must we guard our time and program lest we lose this supreme privilege of being alone amid mighty things. It is poor mountaineering to go off alone on these trails, but it is good poetry and excellent religion. Many a visitor to the Valley never sees a single sublime feature of this wonderland alone. Always there is a crowd along to distract with comment and chatter. John Muir was wiser. He used to tramp in the midnight moon-lit hours. The still small voice has to be wooed in solitude. If the moments of rapturous meditation become moments of prayer, so much the better. Perhaps the right use of the Yosemite privilege will enable you all the more easily to build mountain-moments into the flat humdrum of your living after you return to your familiar place and task.

Persons That are Peaks.

But there is a better kind of high place than either the lofty book or the lofty moment. This is the lofty personality. Every life should be dominated by an incarnate ideal. No matter who you are or where you live, you can be holding inner communion with some supreme personality. From this noble and ennobling object of devotion blessing will flow down into all the lowlands of your existence.

Here let us use the Yosemite even more specifically than we have done hitherto to furnish us with an analogy. Of all the heights that make the Valley incomparable, El Capitan is the most unforgettable. And there is no one of us but supposes his knowledge of Spanish to be adequate to translating the name. I was told, however, a while ago that the popular translation was quite inadequate.

"El Capitan" was the title given by the old padres to God. What was done, therefore, years and years ago, was the splendidly daring thing of naming this stupendous cliff with the very name of the Almighty. How true the poetry of it! How fitting the suggestion! "God" ushers us into the temple of the Yosemite. "God" is our first impression upon coming in, our last impression on going out.

The Christ of El Capitan.

For me personally another and most helpful mental association has come to pass. El Capitan is to me not so much a symbol of God as a symbol of Christ, God revealed in man. In that unrivaled wall of granite ascending perpendicularly three thousand feet above the beholder, I seem to see pictured humanity at its height, my own soul raised to its divinest potencies in Jesus. He is the Perfect Man revealed as a challenge to all of us imperfect men. The heights of the Yosemite lead me to God, but they lead me thither by way of the God-man. El Capitan is my Captain, the captain of my salvation, the Christ.

Many a Christian unfortunately has in his theology a Christ for whom this rugged, masculine, forthright rock would be an untrue symbol. He thinks of Jesus in feminine terms, or as a dreamy poet-artist. I, too, claim for my El Capitan Christ those softer qualities, but I find them bulwarked and steadied by a strength like the strength of a man. There is moss on the rock, but there is rock underneath the moss, and so virile was Jesus' manhood, so real his vision of truth, so sane his tenderness toward his fellow-humans that Christ, the El Capitan Christ, becomes the lofty personality whom every soul might well install as the supreme human "high place" in his spiritual landscape. There is no allegiance that so exalts a man as allegiance to the Son of Man. I will lift up mine eyes unto the El Capitan Christ from whence cometh my help.

The High Places for Dynamic, Not Residence.

Having made of his life a little Yosemite by building round about it a circle of spiritual high places, the man has yet another truth to learn. And the Yosemite will teach him forcefully this second lesson. He must not expect to live forever on the high places. His life will continue to be on the plain, but he must make the highlands pour benedictions down upon the lowlands.

When visiting the Valley to achieve a few of the heights, he surely goes up to Glacier Point; perhaps he adds Eagle Peak; and if strength abides in his bones he includes North Dome and Cloud's Rest. But who would think of camping all the time on one of these highlands and learning the Valley only from that point of view? No, the heights make the Yosemite, but we approach them from the Valley floor, and we bring back from them to the Valley floor the zest of far horizons and the tingle of the rarer upper air.

In another way the heights serve us. They are the sources of the waterfall-beauty of the Yosemite. The first question asked by our party as we entered the Valley and looked on Bridle Veil Falls and the exquisite Yosemite Falls opposite, was, Where does all the water come from? It comes from the High Sierra, from innumerable peaks and slopes and canons and glades seldom visited by the casual tourist. One hundred and eleven lakes on the higher levels feed the cascades and streams of the Yosemite. And when I took my all-too-short excursion into the remoter highlands, still I found myself asking the question in Tuolumne meadows and elsewhere, Where does the water all come from? Ever the highlands back yonder are pouring their glacial streams down into the lowlands, and if their altitudes are seldom explored and their undying snow-fields seldom traversed, it is but the usual fate of the benefactor. Helpful ministry and oblivion have always been bed-fellows.

Enthusiasm and Consecration.

It is with the soul as it is with this Valley. The highlands of exquisite and leisurely fellowship with books, thoughts, persons, cannot be abiding-places. It were unwise to erect the three tabernacles on the Transfiguration Mount. Religious exaltation of a high pressure cannot be perpetual for most souls. The enthusiasm of the first discovery of spiritual reality must in the nature of the case ultimately flag. The experience of Christ cannot be an endless hallelujah chorus with a full organ accompaniment. There should be crescendos in the soul's career, but they by no means destroy the diminuendos, or make unnecessary the pianissimos. Abt Vogler mounts into the musical Empyrean on the palace of sound which his skill erects, but at the end he has to sink back to the C major of our common life.

Yes, but though Abt Vogler comes back to the C major, he is a different and a nobler being because he has had the ecstacy. The rapture makes the C major more intelligible, more liveable, more lovable. The task laid upon us who have visited the Valley is to tie up Inspiration Point in the Yosemite with an ordinary-looking school-room in San Francisco or Los Angeles. We must say a wedding service, uniting the thrill of Glacier Point and the humdrum of a grocery-store counter in Stockton. Out of the enthusiasms, the blisses, the breathless appreciation of these wondrous days we must build a more loyal service to our fellowmen,

a more grateful devotion to God, the giver of all this glory, a larger and purer inner life for each one of our souls. Thus the highlands will serve the lowlands, the message of the Yosemite will be learned.

A Waterfall Parable.

The other day I sat by the side of Yosemite Creek above the Falls. A twig swirled swiftly by on the surface of the stream. The bit of wood seemed to give concrete existence to all the countless riffles of green water that were sweeping it to its aerial doom. Suppose that water could think, what ought to be its emotions as it left the rocky bed along which it had been sliding and plunged out into space through nearly a third of a mile of vertical fall? Could it foresee the changed world which would henceforth be its home? Back in the highlands it was born in some silent bank of snow or ice, it had journeyed for through the wild grandeur of unpopulated canons, it had known the sweet liberty of the impulsive mountain brook. But after this plunge through space it will come into the world of people. It will flow through human civilization. It will be harnessed between the banks of a slow-marching river. It will find work to do of service to the social order. It will pour fertility into grain-fields, add juices to many a species of fruit, yield up its power to turn buzzing machinery, give life to beast and man, and roll peacefully on toward the great sea, distributing its ministry all over the lowlands.

Shall we not catch and use this parable of the Yosemite water? Shall we not descend from this mountain fastness into the world of men resolute to put into our living more of the stern, clean qualities of the highlands? When the sad day arrives that compels a farewell to the gray rocks and the white waters, the green meadows and the rainbow-tinted flowers, the wholesome trees and the plenteous ferns that spell out the altogether satisfying charm of this "gorge of the great grizzly bear," as our stage rumbles down the Valley toward El Portal and the problems of life, do this for the sake of your soul; look backward once again toward the ineffable kingly dignity of El Capitan. See in that brave front of granite, high-browed and erect toward the sun, a picture of the Christ, challenging, inspiring, dominating, commanding you. See him urging you into the thick of things with an apostolic commission to help bring his strength and purity into the thick of things. See him boldly summoning you to join him in resistance to all cheap compromise, all convenient insincerity, all lazy cowardice that masquerades under the name of Tact. See him inviting you to share his patience, his long-suffering beneath the battering storms, his calm and unapologetic faith in the final invincibility of truth. See him, the eternal, self-giving Christ, rooted deep in the earth but stretching his aspiring height toward the skies, the union of the seer and the man of affairs, the fusion of the dreamer and the soldier. If thus as you leave the Valley, you can see the El Capitan Christ dismissing you with his blessing and his imperatives; then you will re-enter the everyday world, bringing to it in truth a spiritual message from the Yosemite. That message will be for the adequate guidance of your own soul and it will become the solace of all souls that touch yours.

The crucial test of the worth of any faith or form, creed or proclamation, is the life and practical action which grow out of them.

PACIFIC COAST GETTYSBURG REUNION.

As delegates from Southern California were leaving Los Angeles for the great Pennsylvania battlefield, one of our newspaper publishers presented them with a beautifully made and mounted banner, the glorious stars and stripes.

The instructions were that this flag should be unfolded from Little Round Top and, in sight of thousands of assembled veterans of the Blue and the Gray, be dedicated to practical use for the honor of our country on the very spot where fifty years ago the destinies of our land were determined by the victory which depended on the occupancy of that strategic point by the Union soldiers.

Our delegates there unfurled this particular flag and for a day rested it in the arms of the statue of General Warren, who was the hero of Little Round Top, and then sent it back to Los Angeles.

Major Alford F. Judson, a member of the Fifth Virginia regiment who was in Pickett's charge and who saw General Lee in his anguish immediately after that supreme defeat, meanwhile led in planning for a rousing reception to the returning Gettysburg flag. He had served with Lee up to Appomattox and became soundly converted to the Union and loyalty to the stars and stripes. For years he has strewn flowers on Memorial Day on the graves of Northern and Southern alike.

Now he enthusiastically advocates the holding of a grand reunion which may be the last of its kind on the Pacific coast.

A committee of arrangements was appointed which included old soldiers of both sides, members of the Woman's Relief Corps, Daughters of the Confederacy and others.

One of our business men contributed $150, for the rental of the great auditorium, and on the evening of July 29th, some four thousand people assembled, each with a carnation and miniature flag on lapel and banners with streamers overhead.

Numerous Grand Army Posts were represented, some hundreds were present from the Soldier's Home at Sawtelle; many southern people were in attendance and with heart and hand in the movement.

With Major Judson in the chair Senator Lee Gates was introduced as representing Governor Johnson and made a splendid speech. For the Boys in Blue Hon. F. G. Tyrrell gave a strong address, and General Johnston Jones, formerly of North Carolina, set attractively the southern viewpoint of sacrifice and of love for the united country and for the Stars and Stripes. The response of the men of the south to the call for the Spanish-American war left nothing to be desired in the way of enthusiastic devotion.

Patriotic songs, including "Dixie" were sung with great animation and the Gettysburg flag, after dedication by three young girls, was presented to the Board of Education of Los Angeles. It will be in the custody of the High School class having the highest standing, and on appropriate occasions will be displayed for inculcating lessons of patriotic devotion.

An after-meeting of this great rally was held by our Olivet Church on Sunday evening, August 3. and a large audience was present.

Major Judson was detained by illness. General Jones with fine effect reviewed phases of the past and outlined the

marvelous progress awaiting this Nation, and the prospects for world-wide peace.

It transpired that the pastor of the church, Rev. John L. Maile, and General Jones were at one time in close proximity while separated as foes. The former was in the Florence prison stockade in South Carolina in the winter of 1864-5 and the latter was with General Hardee's army encamped in Florence village while enroute northward before the irresistible advance of General Sherman's forces. No attempt was then made to form the personal acquaintance which now after fifty years has come to pass.

In this Sunday evening meeting also happened to be an old-time regimental comrade, Sargent Edward B. Light, of La Mesa, Calif. who kindly recited the poem, "The Little Green Tent."

Thus the ripples of the great Gettysburg reunion are felt on the Pacific shore, and we all are the better for these appealing remembrances. J. L. M.

Los Angeles, Aug. 4th, 1913.

Among the Churches.

Oakland, First.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick of Japan. On the 24th the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, is expected.

San Francisco, First.—Next Sunday the final services will be held in the building which was erected in 1906. Thereafter the Sunday preaching services will be in Temple Emmanu-El, on Sutter street, until the new house of worship is ready, and the Sunday-school and prayer-meetings in the Native Sons' building adjacent to the old church edifice.

Berkeley, First.—Next Sunday morning the church will welcome the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks who has come to Berkeley to take the work of University Pastor. The sermon will be given by Dr. Brooks. In the evening there will be a cathedral service, the choir being so stationed as to give antiphonal responses, and the congregation joining in a people's responsive service.

Los Angeles, First.—One great privilege came to this church through the C. E. convention that is worthy of mention. At the morning service of June 22 President H. C. King of Oberlin University gave us a splendid address. His text was, "It's all in the day's work," and illustrated by five Scripture verses. At the close of his address he went directly to the overflow meeting in the parish auditorium and gave them the same address, and our quartette gave them some anthems. According to the custom of this church the Bible School, Sunday morning and evening services, and the midweek service are continued through the summer months, and with very good attendance. At the Twilight Communion on August 3, five persons were received into this church. One infant was baptized.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Congregational Ministers' Wives' Club will hold a meeting at Stowe Lake in Golden Gate Park on Tuesday of next week, beginning at 11 o'clock.

Wednesday evening of next week the meeting in the First Church of Oakland will be of the nature of a reception to the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick and family, and Dr. Gulick will speak concerning his work in Japan.

The Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick of Japan will speak at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday concerning Japan and California's opposition to the Japanese. Dr. Gulick has been in Japan for many years and has made a study of Japanese life. His book on "The Evolution of the Japanese" is a world-wide authority. He will have some suggestions as to what, in his judgment, should be the attitude of the people of the United States toward the Japanese. The meeting will be one which anyone who may desire to do so can attend. It will be held as usual in the parlors of the First Congregational church. Since the foregoing was put in type we are told that Dr. Gulick's subject will be "The Problem of the Relation of the Japanese and American People." Dr. Gulick wishes to learn all he can of the views of California people with reference to the Japanese problem, and will welcome discussion and questions.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. A. Ojala, a Finnish Congregational Minister, who has been doing excellent work among his countrymen throughout the Pacific Northwest for several years past, returned a short time ago from a trip of six months among Finnish people, during which he visited Northern Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Toronto, Canada, Boston and Quincy, Mass. It was while a student at the latter place that he was converted. When in Boston he had a delightful visit with Dr. Herring, and received much encouragement. At present Mr. Ojala's home is at Brush Prairie, Clark county, Washington.

Rev. K. F. Henriksen, who was converted at a Swedish mission in this city over twenty-one years ago, is now a professor in the Finnish Department of the Chicago Theological Seminary. He was in Portland recently.

Rev. E. Ovaskainen, a Finnish minister in the Independent Lutheran Church, will soon unite with the Congregationalists and will study under Prof. Henriksen in Chicago.

Mr. Ojala estimates that there are at least four thousand persons in Astoria of Finnish ancestry. Plans are under way for the establishment of a mission in that city, also at Nasel, Aberdeen, and Seattle, Washington.

It is expected that Mr. E. Kovanen, now studying for the ministry in Cambridge, Mass., will have charge of the Finnish work in Aberdeen. He is an excellent musician.

Mr. A. W. Oksanen, a Finnish layman of Portland, a good musician, is giving instructions regularly, on the guitar, piano and organ, to several Finnish servants. He leads one of the Finnish choirs.

Rev. J. J. Lundell, now living in Monohon, Washington, took a three years' course in Chicago Theological Seminary. He preaches in Seattle at the Finnish Congregational Church, and does considerable missionary work outside of that city.

Pacific University will begin its sixtieth year in September next. Dr. C. J. Bushnell, the newly elected president, will leave Lansing, Michigan, for his new field, in a few days. The resident faculty has been quietly yet persistently at work in increasing the enrollment of students, and the outlook indicates the probability that the largest freshman

class hat ever entered the college will be enrolled in September next.

Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D. D., of the First Church, this city, started on his well-earned vacation last Monday. Rev. H. C. Mason, a well known minister of Seattle, will supply the pulpit for this month.

This was a red letter day in the history of the Sunnyside Congregational Church, being the twenty-first anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. John J. Staub, D. D. Special services befitting the occasion were the order of the day.

Twenty-five new members have been added to the Rainier Church during the past three months. In addition to a good attendance at prayer meetings, there is an attendance of from twenty to forty at a mid-week Bible study.

Miss Alice Briggs, who recently died at Springfield, Mass., willed $500.00 to Riverside Congregational Church, Hood River, Oregon, in memory of two uncles, Ashbel G. and Putnam F. Bradford, pioneers of Oregon, and residents of Hood River valley for many years. They were supporters of that church in its early days. The Bradford brothers were of the eighth generation from William Bradford of the Plymouth Colony.

A trip of over twelve hundred miles by various conveyances in western Oregon and Washington gives the writer hereof the pleasure of saying that the crop conditions of every variety of products common to this region were never better than at the present time, and prices for the same are uniformly good.

Portland, August 10, 1913.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

I have seen much and heard many good things since I wrote before but have failed to have time to record them. I attended nearly all the meetings of the World's Christian Citizenship Conference at Portland. The morning conferences were especially informing, and many of the lectures able and illuminating. I spent a day also at the Gladstone Chautauqua and heard some good things. I have taken time to go around to see some of my friends during the last two months. By doing so I have visited some of my old camping grounds in Northern Idaho and Eastern Washington.

I spent a Sunday at Mullan, Idaho, where Rev. Edmund Owens and myself organized a church about eleven years ago. It was a Children's Sunday and the church was full in the morning. The changes in a mining camp in a few years are so great that not one in the congregation knew me. The work is in a flourishing condition and Pastor Gauge is highly appreciated.

At Wallace, Idaho, under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Wilder I found conditions favorable, the church building having been renovated in the interior and the exterior decorated, and a parsonage in course of erection.

At Kellogg, also, I found evidences that Rev. Mr. Juddy was doing work worthy of a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

More recently I took a trip to Colfax, Wash., primarily to see my old friend of 40 years standing, Rev. T. W. Walters. He came from New York to Astoria, Oregon, over 30 years ago. After one year he took up the work at Colfax as the successor of Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D. He was a pastor there at Colfax for five years, and then General Missionary for 14 years. His last ministerial service was as pastor of Pilgrim Church, Spokane. His ministry has been eminently efficient and no one has done more than he in the development of Congregationalism in Eastern Washington. Though eager to preach the gospel, he has not been able to gratify his desire as he would like during recent years.

The church at Colfax is in splendid condition under the efficient ministry of Rev. J. H. Bainton. The church is building one of the most artistic and up-to-date equipped in the state. It has a constituency second to none in Whitman county in intelligence, influence and efficiency. The new church building is far more favorably located than the old one. The parsonage is cosmopolitan in style and convenience and the parson and the wife, recently from England, appear among the happiest people in the country.

Spending a Sunday at Rosalia brought to mind a sermon preached 27 years ago in a school house where the town is now located. A few years later I participated in organizing a church, and after that in dedicating a church building in conjunction with Revs. T. W. Walters and E. J. Singer. The church has made wholesome progress through the years, and has more than held its own despite unholy rivalry.

Spokane.—Not much can be said of the churches of this city. Union services were held in the Westminster church several Sunday mornings. The Sunday morning Dr. Brooks preached the congregation was unusually large, the large auditorium filled, and the sermon was a choice one, in every respect worthy of the preacher. The Westminster church has been recently supplied on Sunday mornings by Rev. Mr. Cross of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Plymouth and Pilgrim suspend during the month of August.

Corbin Park is enjoying a variety of supplies and will call a regular pastor in the near future.

Rev. D. E. Wilson, after six years of strenuous labor in and adjacent to the city, has resigned and will soon move to Seattle.

IORWERTH.

0501 Napa St., Spokane, Wash.

At the great Welsh-American International Eisteddfod held at Pittsburg, Pa., the first days in July, Rev. Jonathan Edwards took the prize of $50.00 for a story on the Welsh Pioneers in America.

"TILL HE COME."

Jessie Knowlton Strong.

On a great day it is coming
Down the pathway of the years,
When there'll be no more oppression,
Gnawing hunger, sin, nor tears.

When the reign of self is broken,
And Christ's banner is unfurled,
And no fathers, mothers, children,
Shall know want in all the world.

When His kingdom like the leaven,
Shall have spread through, then
As sons of the Almighty
Will we treat our fellow-men.

Does it matter how we help men
To own His sovereign sway,

What our creed, our faith, our doctrine,
So we bring the glorious day?

When sin, death, and sorrow conquered;
By all the world adored;
We go forth to meet the conquerer:
Our eternal, glorious Lord.

—Bellevue, Washington.

LABOR SUNDAY.

The attention of our pastors is called to the fact that Labor Sunday this year will be observed August 31st. As this date is somewhat early for many of the churches it may be best to observe the following Sunday, September 7th. The special subject to be considered this year is "Present Day Tendencies in the Labor Movement."

Helps for preparing for the day and the sermon can be secured through the Brotherhood office, 19 S. La Salle St., Chicago, or through the office of the Federal Council of the Churches, 215 Fourth Ave., New York.

The thousands of churches and pastors who have observed Labor Sunday in past years are unanimous in their testimonies as to the helpfulness of the services.

HENRY A. ATKINSON,
Secretary for Labor and Social Service.

PULPIT SUPPLY.

Churches desiring pulpit supply during August and September may secure a satisfactory one by addressing and stating the amount of fee paid, "Supply," care The Pacific, 2716 Hillegas Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

FOLLOWING FATHER HOME.

Years ago, when I
Was jest a little lad,
An' after school hours used to work
Around the farm with dad
I used to be so wearied out
When eventide was come,
That I got kinder anxious-like
About the journey home;
But dad, he used to lead the way,
An' once in a while turn 'round an' say,
So cheerin' like, so tender, "Come!"
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
That allers used to help me some;
An' so I followed father home.
I'm old an' gray an' feeble now,
An' trimbly at the knee,
But life seems just the same today
As then it seemed to me,
For I am still so wearied out,
When eventide is come
An' still get a kinder anxious-like
About the journey home;
But still my Father leads the way,
An' once in a while I hear him say,
So cheerin' like, so tender, "Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
An' same as them, that helps me some;
An' so I'm following Father home.

—John Talman.

"And you expect to find that money again!" exclaimed Mrs. Twickembury. "Well, I must say you're the most sanguinary person I ever met."

The Home.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

In Palestine, long years ago—
So runs the legend old—
Where Kedron's sparkling waters flow
Across their sands of gold,
And Mt. Moriah lifts his head
Above the sunny plain,
Two brothers owned—as one—'tis said,
A field of golden grain.

And when the autumn days had come
And all the shocks and sheaves
Stood waiting for the "harvest home,"
Among the withering leaves,
The elder brother said one night,
"I'm stronger far than Saul,
My younger brother, 'tis but right
That I should give him all
These sheaves that grow upon the plain
We own together, so
I'll put with his my stacks of grain
And he will never know."

Scarce had he left the sheaves of wheat
When quietly there came
Across the field, with stealthy feet,
And errand just the same,
The younger lad, who said: "I see
My brother Simon's need
Is greater far than mine, for he
Hath wife and child to feed;
And so to him I'll give my sheaves,
It is but right, I know;
And he will never think who leaves
These wheat stacks on his row."

Next morning, when the brothers twain
Began to count their store,
Behold! each found his stacks of grain
To number as before!
"Why! how is this?" in great surprise
Each to himself then said;
"I'll watch tonight and see who tries
These tricks when I'm abed!"
And so, halfway across the plain
They met—each one bent o'er
With shocks and sheaves of golden grain
To swell his brother's store!

Good Saul and Simon! Would today
More brothers might be found
Who seek each other's good alway,
And in kind deeds abound.

—By B. E. E. in the Youth's Companion.

MARRIED, BUT NOT COMPANIONS.

Mary Heaton Vose writes in the Ladies World: "I had the opportunity of talking very intimately with a woman whom I deeply respect on the subject of the various causes of incomplete and inharmonious marriages. During our talk she told me her own experience and gave me permission to reproduce it. I found it better to tell it as much

in her own words as I could" The story is as follows in part:

After thirteen years of married life I find that when I am with my husband I live strictly upon the surface. I have no impulse whatever to tell him of any of the deeper things over which my spirit travails, and I suppose it is years since he or I have spoken what I would call an intimate or significant word to each other. I wonder how many women there are whose relations with their husbands are like mine —women who respect their husbands and are respected by them, over whom the shadow of divorce has never passed, and who yet live spiritually separated? I wonder how many other homes there are through which no cleansing stream of emotion ever flows and which are peaceful, but with the peace of a stagnant pool.

As I look out of the window I can see a man working in our garden with two children helping him. They are laughing and romping as well as working. These are my husband Andrew and two of our children. If I were to go out now the fun would stop. I could not join in it. Later I shall be telling stories to the children. Should Andrew come in my spontaneity will drop. We will begin to talk and I know what our talk will be about. He will say to me something like:

"Have you examined Agatha's teeth lately? First thing we know she will be needing the dentist.'

"I've looked into them; she doesn't need to go. But I wish you'd speak to Hal—he simply never brushes his unless he's reminded."

"All boys love dirt," Andrew will answer, "and he's getting shiftless about doing his lessons. I made him go in an finish his examples."

"Well, what's wrong with that conversation?" someone may ask. "It's the kind that happens in most homes everyday."

That's true, but the matter is Andrew and I never strike any deeper than that. There is nothing constructive in our talk save about that which most intimately concerns us —the children. One must have a real relation with another human soul to have one's conversation full of meaning. And where people, however kind to each other, however amiable in their manners, do not strike deeper than we do, their feeling for each other is stagnant and without the vitality of a growing thing.

Indifference Soon Came.

I started out in my married life with as much chance for a full and a joyful understanding as do the average. How different is my attitude now than it it was in the first days of my marriage I only realized myself when a year or so ago I came across a letter of mine to Andrew which he had saved. He was away for a week and my letter was full of longing. There was in it a homesickness of one who waits and watches for the return of the beloved. The world had lost its meaning since that which gave it its meaning had been withdrawn from me. The same day I found this letter I received a line from Andrew, who was away on business, saying that his trip would have to be prolonged, and he hoped that I wouldn't mind, etc., etc. I realized with a certain horror it would have made no difference to me at all if Andrew had stayed away three days, three weeks or three months, so little was he a part of my life. If he were only well and happy, it would have cost me little to have him prolong his stay indefinitely.

Since then I have gone back step by step over my life to see what made this difference. I think that I have found one of the main causes which led to this deadening slack water, and this is the reason that I am writing, for while I see many people who are perhaps beyond hope, there are many who are only just now beginning to make the mistake that proved so fatal in my life.

Now the matter with Andrew and me is that we are not comrades. We ceased being so very soon after we were married. It seems strange for people who have children to say that they have no interests in common, and yet it is true, and if I had any advice to give above another to a young married woman I would say:

Make Every Interest A Common One.

Respond! Respond to every demand on your interest your husband makes of you, no matter how slight it is. Interest yourself in the things in which he is interested, whether it be a sport or hobby of any kind. If you wish a vital relation, make yourself a part of his life. Simulate an interest which you do not feel and later on be sure that an interest will come. Demand, on the other hand, a response from him. Don't have false pride. Force from him an interest if you must at the point of a bayonet. If your hobby is a real one and a vital one, even though at first he may not understand it, even though it may antagonize him in the end, he will at least know what you are doing and where you are going. Never allow anything to shut yourself from his life, not even your own baby.

A woman whom I know married an athletic husband. She was an out-of-door girl though possibly she followed it because she had athletic brothers, rather than an inner passion for athletics. After her first child came she never got quite back into condition; she took on weight. Her husband kept on with his out-of-door interests, and more and more their lives have sundered. She is one of scores who, like me, let slip from her careless hands one of the bonds of sympathy and interest which bound her to her husband. For there is nothing on earth so healthy as for husband and wife, father and children, to play together, unless it be to work together. I have learned now, when perhaps it is too late, that it isn't enough to live together honestly or to do one's material duty; we must play and we must work together, if our relations, one with another, are to have any vital force in them.

Where I Was To Blame.

My husband and I had been married a year or two when we bought a house—the one in which we now live—which is on the outskirts of a medium-sized town. It has two acres and a half of land around it. My husband was a passionate gardener. When we married we used to often talk about the time when we should have "some ground of our own." Just what this meant I did not realize because, while I had lived in the country, and while we kept our front yard nice and grew a few vegetables, no one in our family had been especially interested in gardening, except my mother. When we finally bought this place my husband's instinct was to bring all his catalogues to me and show me plans for flower-beds which he had made, and to read aloud to me books on gardening and raising vegetables and slipping plants and the many, many other questions of this kind. This cultivating of our garden was no mere fad, but a vital need of his nature, and this is how I met it.

"Where do you think," he would ask, "should we put our new strawberry bed?" And I, from my magazine, would yawn:

"Don't ask me. I don't know anything about strawberries."

He smiled at me.

"Well, darling, neither do I know anything about strawberries at this moment except this—I like them. But I do want a good strawberry bed. Don't you?"

"Of course I do," I said. I wanted it to grow out of a clear sky. I didn't care to work for it especially. I wanted to talk of some of the things I was interested in and especially about the absorbing question of our affection for each other. Like most young wives I wanted to be told what a lovely being I was; and this is right and proper.

"Come out with me," Andrew would urge. "Come on out, do, and help me get that trench dug for the sweet peas."

"I don't care much for digging," I told him negligently.

I never had tried it, so I didn't know whether I liked it or not. I wasn't so ungenerous as to totally begrude Andrew his garden. Of course I loved the results of it, but in the back of my unresponsive, immature mind there was a certain covert jealousy of it, and finally when in the evening he would continue his hobby by poring over catalogues, I made no bones in showing him that I wasn't interested in the "tiresome old things," as I called them. It may seem a small thing that the gradual sundering of our lives should have come from the fact that I was a woman uninterested in a garden. I might have gone down to my dying day as ignorant of horticulture as I was then, and yet had I been responsive to his work instead of being unresponsive and jealous, all would have been well—it would have kept our sympathy alive.

Men Lack Tenderness.

It was not all my fault that the precious doors of communication between us shut one by one. Like many loving women I expressed my love in tenderness, in small expressions of affection. We never get over the habit of tenderness—we poor women—we seem to carry with us to our husbands the innocent caresses which we learned first as babies from our mothers. Men in their battle with the world, too often lose these dear memories, and with me, as with Heaven knows how many other women, those sweet minor tendernesses that in love are the flowers of soul and body, drew no response from Andrew. Young husbands who ignore these shy offerings of affection are more cruel than they know. It's a very bitter thing to offer kindness and tenderness to someone who doesn't want them, and in marriage each should be quick to notice any self-expression the other makes and understand it. Instead of trying to make Andrew understand about this, I shrank proudly into myself. Nor did I try very much to stimulate his interest in certain things that were taking a larger and larger place in my life.

About the time I speak of was when the Village Civic Movements were beginning to form themselves and women were beginning to take an interest in their towns. We began study clubs in which our men were invited to join. Andrew laughed at this as my "reforming hobby." First I tried to talk of it to Andrew as I grew more and more intrested, but he only laughed at me, so, instead of trying systematically to interest him by demanding interest even as a child demands it, my feelings were hurt and I stopped talking with him altogether about it. On the other hand, when he wanted me to learn a better game of whist, I declined. It seemed to me that the reading I wished to do was more important. And so it went on. These seem small enough things in themselves; not enough, you would think, to destroy a vital relation between man and wife; and yet when one door of sympathy after another is shut between people the road to one's spirit becomes overgrown from want of use and the very well-springs of sympathy dry up.

Both Should Show Sympathy And Understanding.

Yet Andrew and I could have complemented each other's nature. He is a more objective and practical person than I and yet I know his interest in our garden is that of an artist and a lover, and I have shut myself out from it. My nature is more speculative and theoretical. We have not met one another's temperaments, to the detriment and everlasting loss of both of us.

Thus bitterly have I learned that the honest appeal for sympathy and for understanding from one human being to another is a sacred thing. I knew a woman once who had a most beneficent influence on all who came her way. When I knew her she was no longer young, and she never had been beautiful. She was not clever and had a positive genius for muddling up her own business affairs. Yet I have, I think, never known a human being more cherished by her friends. Three different men of ability, none of them men who had ever had a sentimental interest in her, told me of the vital influence she had been in their lives. Her one gift was a deep and responsive reply to any demand made on her sympathy.

I am trying to apply with my children the knowledge that I have bought so dearly—to reply to any demand they make on me. I interest myself in their plans and their thoughts, the more when these thoughts and plans are alien to my own temperament, and I have the joy of seeing their confidence in me grow. I check no impulse in them which is not directly harmful, even when I see beforehand its impracticability, for the slack water of the emotions is not confined to husbands and wives. But my children do not fill up the emptiness in my heart.

I sit and wonder sometimes, 'What are you thinking about, Andrew? What are your inner thoughts? How does our life affect you? Is this marriage of ours as numbing to your spirit as it is to mine? Is your heart as empty as mine is? Do you wish that we loved each other enough to quarrel violently as I sometimes wish? Do you feel like only half the person you might have been if it turned out differently?" I sometimes wonder if Agatha begins to feel a curious atmosphere of coldness between Andrew and myself, and if she does notice it, if she thinks it is just because we are old people. I am trying to teach my children that responsiveness is one of the highest virtues and that to turn away hungry anyone who asks you for sympathy is a crime which inevitably brings its bitter punishment.

TONGS CONQUER TONGUE.

A good woman was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor.

"Well," he said, when he had heard the story, "suppose you try the snap cure. The next time she visits you take the tongs in your hand, and whenever she says anything

unkind, snap the tongs together, but say nothing yourself."

A day or two afterwards the good woman came again to her pastor, laughing this time.

"It worked beautifully," she said. "My troubler came to see me yesterday, and, as usual, commenced her tirade. At the first hateful word, snap! went the tongs. Another volley. Snap! Another still. Snap!

"'Why don't you say something?' she exclaimed angrily. Snap!

"Speak," she cried. Snap!

"'Do speak! If you don't speak I shall split!' And away she went. I was just suffering to laugh, and I think when she calmed down she must have seen the funny side of it, too. Perhaps after this she'll let the tongs do all her snapping for her."

And if the story from which this anecdote is taken speaks truly, she did.

For The Children.

THE LITTLE BUTTON-MAKER.

By Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

Fulvia was stringing her buttons on a long thread. She had a beautiful collection of them which she had been saving ever since her mamma had told her of a button string she had when she was Fulvia's age.

Fulvia's string had shiny red and gold and blue buttons upon it, and some that shone with all the colors of the rainbow. Aunt Anne sat down on the lounge beside her to admire the different colors.

"I wonder how buttons are made," Fulvia remarked. "Some day papa says he will take me to a button factory to see how they do it."

"That would be very interesting," said Aunt An'ne. "By the way, Fulvia, I saw a very tiny little creature making a silk button to-day, and preparing to hang himself up by it."

"What, Aunt Anne?" Fulvia's eyes grew as round as one of her own buttons as she searched Aunt Anne's face.

"It's a fact!" her aunt laughed back. "He was a very tiny button-maker, not more than half the size of your smallest finger, Fulvia, and he made it with his mouth, not his hands! He was a little, green and black striped caterpillar. Come up to my room, and I'll show you some that I am keeping in a glass jar."

They went upstairs together. "These caterpillars are hatched from eggs I found on the milkweed leaves," Aunt Anne explained. "This kind feeds almost entirely on milkweeds."

"But I thought caterpillars were always woolly," Fulvia said, as she looked at the shiny, smooth little creatures, neatly striped in yellowish green and black bands.

"Not all of them," said Aunt Anne. "Whether they are woolly or smooth, all the larvae of butterflies and moths are called caterpillars. Now look at this wee one, Fulvia. That is only three days old, this one is six, and this other nine days old."

"My, how fast they must grow!" Fulvia's eyes again suggested buttons.

"Yes, if you had grown at the same rate, you would have been sixty feet tall by the time you were ten days old—ten times as tall as your papa is."

"Oh, my!" said Fulvia again.

"Now I am going to give this large one to you," Aunt Anne continued. "He is almost ready to make his little silk button, and you must keep your eye on him."

The striped caterpillar was placed in a jelly glass with a metal top set loosely upon it. "Several times a day you must raise this top gently to let the air in, and don't forget what I told you about keeping your eye on him.'

Fulvia remembered. But the little fellow evidently worked while she slept, for in the morning she found him hanging from the metal cover, and he was attached at that end by a tiny silken "button" he had spun in the night.

"Now keep watching," Aunt Anne urged her niece. "Almost any time he may turn into a chrysalis, and I should like to have you see the process"

This time Fulvia's watching was rewarded. She was peering into the glass when the great change came,—the caterpillar's little striped coat split, the thin skin dropped away, leaving fastened to the tin cover of the jelly glass a smooth, beautiful green chrysalis, dotted with gold. Fulvia's eyes could hardly believe what they saw.

"Now in about ten days more you will see something just as wonderful happen again!" Aunt Anne told her.

Fulvia sighed at thought of the ten days, but somehow they flew away as summer days have a way of doing. "Keep a sharp lookout!" Aunt Anne urged her. In the night, while Fulvia dreamed of butterflies, in her little swinging bed on the sleeping-porch, the great change came. Swiftly down the back of the shiny green chrysalis the skin split, for it had grown too tight and small for the lovely thing that had been "growing its wings," in those days of waiting. From the cast-off skin a great brown butterfly, the kind we call the "Monarch," came slowly out. His beautiful red brown wings were crumpled and moist, and how bewildered he must have felt! He was fanning his crumpled wings softly, back and forth, back and forth, when Fulvia came downstairs and called for Aunt Anne with a little shout of joy.

Together they took the Monarch out of the glass, placed him on a fern in the window, and then stood by to watch him. Soon the wings were spread to their full size, and the butterfly, poised on a fern frond, was all ready for flight.

"You know he has a queer long trunk, something like an elephant's, don't you?" said Aunt Anne. "Only it is very long and slim, and tightly coiled when he isn't using it to suck honey from the flowers. Some day, if we find a dead one, we will look at it under the microscope. And that beautiful, soft shine of the wings,—that is made of fine, fine 'dust.' See, I will let a tiny bit of it rub off on my fingers, and we will put that under the microscope. Each bit of dust is a shining scale, and they are put on his wings as evenly and overlapping as shingles on the roof."

Fulvia's eyes went from the Monarch to the fresh June greeness outside. She gave a little sigh,—it was hard to let the new treasure go. But—he had his wings now. And if she had been waiting, waiting all the days for the great change to come!—

"Let's take him out, Auntie," she said softly.

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Anne.

It is a great thing to have a talent for appreciation. He can do much good in the world who recognizes the good other people are doing and tells them of it. More folks than most imagine are getting weary and down-hearted because they seem to accomplish nothing.—Zion's Herald.

JUDY'S LIGHT.

Judy has been to school for the first time. And now she was reading "A's" and "B's," while her big brother Ned sat near, studying his Greek and Latin. Judy was having a beautiful time; she "felt," as she told Ned, "such a lovely grown-up feeling." Presently her mother's voice called to her: "Judy, come take care of the baby for me a while, won't you? That's a nice little lady."

Judy's face, which had been so smiling a minute before, was now black with frowns. "O, dear!" she grumbled, "I don't want to. I'm always having to be a nice lady. I'm too busy this afternoon." Then suddenly she changed her mind. "O, no; I'm not! I forgot. I suppose I can do my letters when the baby's asleep." And she jumped down from the table and bustled upstairs in a hurry.

Ned looked after her with surprise. "Why, it didn't take her long to think twice! I wonder what the second thought was."

Everything was quiet for a while, but pretty soon another voice called down the stairs: "Ned, couldn't you take this letter to the post-office? None of the rest of us can go very well."

Ned looked up from his books with a frown almost as dark as Judy's had been and answered: "Neither can I go very well. Why can't they leave a fellow in peace? This Greek is as hard as rocks." His eyes fell on Judy's slate, and his brow cleared as if by magic. "O, well, all right! It will take but ten minutes. I'll go."

After supper Ned said to Judy: "Tell me a secret, will you?"

"What?" asked Judy, always interested in a secret.

"This afternoon, when mother asked you to take care of the baby, why weren't you cross about it?"

"What did you forget?"

"Why about being a good girl and doing unto others by the Golden Rule.

Don't you know?"

"I see. And let me tell you something, my small sister. It was a fine thing that you let your light shine; for if you had forgotten to be a good girl this afternoon, I'm afraid that I never should have remembered to be a good boy."—The Mayflower.

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